

La The Darkman, I Want It All (Album Version)

(Intro: La The Darkman)

Yeah, yeah, unh, word up
To my man Ced Demon, King Gunner, Slow Joe
Word up, men at Montana, lock down, you know?
Tarif, word bond, uhn, yo,

(La The Darkman)

Yo, it's born god, I survive, Park shit is still real
You know sex, money, drugs, death, the whole ordeal
Murderers to kill, henny demon and ill
Jump in my rocket to the moon, spark an L and just chill
I got to own stocks and bonds, kid, just because I want them
And million dollar businesses with Darkman written on em
Not up front but an economical stunt
I want it all, I hope I didn't put that too blunt
Educate, moving on up like the Jeffersons
Cop a Lex, a Jag, a Land Cruiser and a Benz
And a mafia of friends to dispose my foes
Stand over my shoulder while I head crack a C-lo
Taking care of my peeps cause I know how it be
Mad court cases and white papers, that's all we see
>From the roll of poverty but I always got mine
Smuggle from Now Y to M.I. on the mainline
Now I'm in cash field still persuing my path
Sever the mic in half to unleash my wrath
I want an abundance of girls to escape the world
Throw a party on solo, me and seventeen pearls
Puffing on mad lah, dunn, without a regard
I need thirty-three acres of dungeon growing in my backyard
Four courts in the front and bathrooms as big as kitchens
Two thousands gallon aquarium to sink my sharks in
All for one on estate, my whole crew living great
Enter the gate unannounced and you will meet your fate
I'm up Carlito's Way, rolling with the real
Protected to infinity in a security shield

(Chorus x2: La The Darkman)

I want it all, lex and techs and shit
I want it all, A fly wiz and crazy kids
I want it all, pelee pelee's and diamond jewels
I want it all, and my four-pound to buck them fools, aight?

(La The Darkman)

I've been hungry since a youth, product of the Bronx
P.J.'s and killer ways, ain't a damn thing changed
I got to snatch mine, did it for the whole world and
Eases to Jesus to drink on Chesterfield cuban links
Stinging stones on the medallian, I escaped the Island
Don't give a f**k about you, I'm from the Shaolin Asylum
Which way you want it, I need condo's and hoes
Cess, best guests, vortex and black timbo's
Eight-fifty B.M., a lighting system that's dimmed
Young Deniro damager, sitting above the rim
La The Dark', my hustling goal is to live great
'cause I'm a New York nigga catching money out of state

(Chorus x2)

(Outro: La The Darkman)

Word, born god year, you know?
It's La The Darkman right here
Word up, marvelous, I keep it spicy, kid
Know what I'm saying? For my mad av. cats
You know? B.D.F.B., you know?

Word up, murderous